## JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

#### Junior Cotillon Takes Place Tonight-First Performance of "An Evening in Rococo" by the Junior League-Other Doings in Society

FROM today on until the bal masque there will certainly be something doing in the realms of society, or I miss my guess. Tonight there will be the Junior League performance of "An Evening in Rococo" in the ballroom of the Bellevue stratford, and upstairs in the Rose Gardens the final Junior cotilion of the season will be held. And there are to be quite a few dinners before this event. Tomorrow night will see the second performance of the Junior League and the Fortnightly cotilion. Friday night will be crowded to the full with dinners and dinners and then some more dinners before the Assembly; and, too, there will be the lay ball and the pageant out at the Metro-

Altogether, Saturday, with its weddings and Mrs. Scott's Supper Club, will see some pretty dead-tired people on Sunday, a "bull" you will admit, but a true one. And can you realize that one week from today Lent will be

THE HENRY MILLER WATTS will entertain tonight at the theatre and supper later at the Ritz-Carlton for their niece, Emily Pepper Harris, who is making up for lost time in the matter of going about, now that she has recovered from her illness (which made it impossible to keep engagements until after Christmas). and so now the entertaining is coming thick and fast before Lent. The guests tonight will be Pauline Denckla, Suzanne Elliot, Patty Borle, Dorothy Newbold, Lucile Carter, Philip Brice, Grier Bartol, Tom Finletter, Wynant Johnson, Norman Brock, John Shober and

part in "An Evening in Rococo," which will be given at the Bellevue-Stratford this evening. ELIZABETH BRINTON WILL be another debutante who will be entertained at a theatre party tonight her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Brown, at their home on Greenwood avenue. the Junior Cotillon. Of course, the World and his wife will be at the "Evening in Rococo," and to tell you the truth I, for one, will be very disappointed if It is not a howling success, because I have seldom enjoyed an amateur performance as much as the Junior League's last year, and they tell me this promises to be just as artistic and effective,

MOMORROW will be another crowded. I "chaos-y" afternoon for the musicalminded among us. Two entertainments are "on" for our orchestra's much-needed endowment fund - one the romantic young fiddler, Mischa Elman, in recital at the Academy, and the other one of those very nice informal "Musical Talks" at Witherspoon Hall, for which Mrs. Shelton, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Prichard, Mrs. "Rod" Griscom and a group of fashion able women are working so hard.

Camille Zeckwer, the popular son of a musical father, composer of orchestral tone poems, pianist, musical director of our beloved Savoy Opera Company, is to talk on "Descriptive Music," illustrating his theme not only with some charming plano numbers, but with "Stories of Famous Composers." Doesn't that sound delectable for a musical-minded young

The program will be brilliantly entertaining as well as soundly educational. Every orchestra patron will hear piano oncertos more understandingly after hearing Mr. Zeckwer.

NANCY WYNNE.

#### Personals

Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, of 124 East Ninety-fifth street, New York, will in-East Ninety-fifth street, New York, will introduce her debutante granddaughter. Miss Sylvia Van Rensselaer, to her Philadelphia friends tomorrow afternoon at a tea which she will give at the Aldine Hotel, on Chestnut street between Nineteenth and Twn-tieth streets. Mrs. Persifor Frazer and Mrs. James Mifflin will assist in receiving. No cardy have been sent out.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lyttleton Savage

gave a luncheon today at their home, 1211 Spruce street. Among those women who have given their names as patronesses for the annual Lvy Ball at the University of Pennsylvania, which will take place tomorrow night in Weightman Hall, are: Mrs. W. W. Atterbury, Mrs. Benjamin C. Allen, Mrs. W. W. Arnett, Mrs. Henry C. Adams, Mrs. Charles J. Bell, Mrs. Norris S. Barratt, Mrs. R. H. B. Bowie, Mrs. Orville Bullitt, Mrs. Cole-man P. Brown, Mrs. Ferree Brinton, Mrs. George Brooke, Mrs. Harry Blynn, Mrs. Harrison K. Caner, Jr., Mrs. J. Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. Radeliffe Cheston, Jr., Mrs. Jay Cooke, 3d., Mrs. George C. Carter, Mrs. C. Howard Colket, Mrs. Harrison K. Caner, Mrs. William T. Carter, Mrs. Henry B. Coxe, Mrs. David S. B. Chew, Mrs. Wal-ter Chrystie, Mrs. Henry T. Dixon, Mrs. Edwin S. Dixon, Mrs. Jacob Disston, Jr., Mrs. John B. Deaver, Mrs. Thomas Dolan, Mrs. William H. Donner, Mrs. William J. Elliott, Mrs. William S. Ellis, Mrs. George Rarle Mrs William C. Freeman, Mrs. orge H. Frazier, Mrs. Walter J. Freeman. Mrs. Lincoln Ferguson, Mrs. James F. Fahnestock, Mrs. William W. Fitler, Mrs. Stanley G. Flagg, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Gazzam, Mrs. Robert E. Glendinning, Mrs. DeForrest Grant, Mrs. Francis I. Gowen, Mrs. John Gribbel, Mrs. Robert W. Gamble, Mrs. Robert E. Griffith, Mrs. Samuel F. Houston, Mrs. Barton C. Hirst, Mrs. Daniel Hutchinson, Mrs. William B. Hart, Mrs. S. Pemberton Hutchinson, Mrs. J. Andrews Harris, Jr., Mrs. Samuel M. Hamili, Mrs. Maurice Heckscher, Mrs. Charles E. Inger-boll, Mrs. Charles Y. Fox, Mrs. Ellis Jack-son, Mrs. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Mrs. Henry 5. Jeanes, Mrs. Albert E. Kennedy, Mrs. Davidson Kennedy, Mrs. Strickland Kneass. Mrs. Wilbur P. Kiapp, Mrs. Charles M. Lea, Mrs. Henry Lovett, Mrs. Joseph Leidy, Mrs. Joseph S. Lovering, Mrs. Walter M. LaRue, Mrs. Richard Wain Meirs, Mrs. G. K. Mohr, Mrs. George S. Munson, Mrs. Henry P. Mc-Kean, Mrs. Joseph B. McCall, Mrs. James C. Newlin, Mrs. J. Rutherford McAllister. Mrs. J. Vaughan Merrick, Mrs. C. Emory McMichael, Mrs. Lewis Neilson, Mrs. Ar-hur E. Newbold, Mrs. George R. Packard. Mrs. Earle B. Putnam, Mrs. Edward C. Page, Mrs. W. Howard Pancoast, Mrs. Jos-oph M. Patterson, Jr., Mrs. George W. Pep-per, Mrs. Theodore R. Reath, Mrs. Gustavus Remak, Mrs. Benjamin Rush, Mrs. William E. Scull, Mrs. J. Alison Scott, Mrs. Samuel L. Shober, Mrs. Joseph B. Townsend, Mrs. Hollinshead N. Taylor, Mrs. ney Thayer, Mrs. William H. Trotter, Russell Thayer, Mrs. Henry C. Thomp-Brs. Russell Thayer, Mrs. Henry C. Thompson, Mrs. Marmaduke Tilden, Mrs. Walter S. Thompson, Mrs. William T. Wright, Mrs. U. C. Wetherill, Mrs. Harrison B. Wright, Mrs. Joceph Widener, Mrs. Barday Warburton, Mrs. A. C. Wessman, Mrs. D. Evans Williams, Jr., Mrs. S. Magargee Wright, Mrs. Charles S. Wurts, Mrs. Charles W. Welsh and Mrs. C. A. Heckscher Wetherill.

Miss Phyllis Wood de Wolf will act as flower g rl. She will wear a white lingerie frock and carry an old-fashioned bouquet of marguerites, tea roses and ferns.

Mr. Rupp will be attended by his brother.

Mr. Michael Rupp, as best man.

The house will be filled with roses, snapdragons and southern smilax.

A small reception will follow the ceremony. After a short wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Rupp will be at home at 215 Bloomingdale gvenue, Wayne, Pa. Mrs. John W. Converse and little Miss onla Converse, of Chetwynd, Rosemont, tre spending a week at Lakewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burton Robinette. of Norwood Cottage, Chestnut Hill, will tive a dinner for ten guests tonight before the meeting of the Junior cotillion.

Mrs. Leonard Wales Brinton, of Wilming-

Displie for Marrows.

MISS SYLVIA BARNES

Mrs. John Hampton Barnes, of 1817 De Lancey street. She will take a prominent

road, has returned from Washington, D. C. where she has been spending some time.

this afternoon at the House in the Woods, Bryn Mawr, from 4 until 6 o'clock. No cards have been sent out. Mrs. Pew will be remembered as Miss Alberta C, Hensel.

Miss Emlyn Shipley, Miss Nancy Hoyt

Smyth and Miss Margaret La Rue.
Among the guests will be Miss Elizabeth.
Van Dusen, Miss Graco Brewster, Miss

Mary Primrose Reeves, Miss Judith Jen-

will be used as decorations.

Mrs. Frederick Jost, of 1904, Pine street.

will be at home tomorrow afternoon after 4 o'clock. The Countess de Trampe will preside at the tea table. No cards have been sent out.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall H. Smith, of

Miss Ruth Jackson, daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Newton Jackson, of Tenth street, Oak Lane, left yesterday for Pinchurst,

enjoying the golf at Pinchurst, S. C.

Park, have left for Summerville, S. C.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth

Weddings

STELLWAGEN-COANE

lotte Coane, daughter of Mr. Robert Coane, of the Rittenhouse, and Dr. Thomas C. Stellwagen, Jr., son of Dr. Thomas C. Stell-

wagen, was solemnized today at noon in Old St. Peter 'sChurch. The bride was given in marriage by her father. Mrs. Ernest Yarnall, a sister of Doctor Stell-

wagen, was matron of honor, and Dr. Willis

F. Manges was best man. The ushers included Dr. Charles H. Scoff, Mr. Bromley Wharton, Mr. Peter Penn-Gaskell Hall, Mr.

Coleman Peace Brown, Mr. James Spear Jr., and Dr. Martin E. Rehfuss. The bride wore a gown of white sath and rare lace and her vell was held in place with orange blos-soms. A small reception followed the cere-mony for the families and intimate friends

RUPP-WOOD

A wedding of much interest in National Guard circles will take place at 7 o'clock

this evening, when Miss Agnes Wood, daughter of Colonel John P. Wood, First Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Mrs.

Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavairy, and Mrs. Wood, of Wayne, will become the bride of Mr. David Rupp, 3d, of Philadelphia, also a member of the First Regiment, Pennsylvania Cavairy, who has just returned from duty on the Mexican border.

The Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D. will perform the ceremony, which will take place at the home of the bride, 234 Walnut, avenue, Wayne. Only members of the two families and most intimate friends will be present.

The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will wear a dainty gown of white taffeta silk and a white tulle veil. She will carry a shower bouquet of white roses and liles of the valley.

There will be two bridesmalds. Miss Ruth Gayler and Miss Elsie Funkhouse, of Hoston. They will wear fracks of pale yellow satin and carry arm bouquets of yellow snapdragons, cream roses and maidenhair ferns.

Miss Phyllis Wood de Wolf will act as

RODGERS-HEXAMER

The wedding of Miss Amy Maris Hexamer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hexamer, of 1935 Wallace street, and Mr. Walter Raiston Redgers will take place to-

The bride, who will be given in marriage

at the Rittenhouse.

Wayne, left yesterday for Palm Beach, where they will stay until March.

Elizabeth Brewster, Miss Mary F Daniel, Miss Hazel Coffin, Miss Kingsley, Miss Eleanor Edmonds.

nings, and Miss Margaretta Foltz.

ionth at Virginia Hot Springs.

Miss Barnes is the daughter of Mr.

night at 7-30 o'clock in St. Matthiae's Church. Nineteenth and Wallace streets. The Rev. Lesile Goslin will perform the ceremony. The bride, who will be given in marriage by her father, will wear a gown of white satin, embroidered in pearls and made with a court train. Her tuile veil will be caught with orange blossoms and she will carry crebids and fl.ies of the valley.

Mrs. Louis Schwartz, the matron of honor, will be grawned in turquoise blue velvet. With a but of silver cloth she will carry a bouquet of pink sweet peas. Miss Minnie Hexamer will nitend her sister as maid of oth, with a hat the same shade. Her uquet will consist of maidenhair fern. The bridesmaids, Miss Leona Zura, Miss Helen Rieger, Miss Regina Pullen, Mrs. A. Nelsen Clarke, Mrs. Edward Dill and Mrs. Arthur Baker will be gowned in frocks of turquoise blue tulis over silver cloth. Their hats of brown tulis will be an effective note. and they will carry straw hats filled with

Mr. Rodgers will have Mr. John Rodgers Mr. Hodgers will have Mr. John Rodgers as hest man, and the ushers will include Mr. Clarence Benneit, Mr. Stewart Stemler, Mr. Paris Hang, Mr. James Bonner, Mr. Thomas Miller, Mr. Harry Mitchell, A reception will follow at the Rittenhouse for 170 guests. Mr. Rodgers and his bride will be at home after May 1, at 4922 North Tentls street.

#### Farmer Smith's Column

THE GOAL

My Bear Children. When I was a hoy I used to wander along the country roads, and every how and then I would see some spet on a distant hill and say to maself. "Ah". There is a beautiful spot. how nice it must be there and what a view!"

I would proceed to climb the hill and when I reached the spot I found it was all exceed with stones which how my half

covered with stones which hurt my bare feet, so I could not reach the center of the ground and so forgot all about the scanery. What is YOUR GOAL?

What is YOUR GOAL?

No, you need not tell me, for I hope you will keep it a secret. There is a saying, very old, too, that when you TELL, YOUR PLAN, the very fact you have told it causes a barrier to rise between you and the thing ou desire Remember that

My dear children, do not lose sight of the roadside as you march on toward your goal. If your goal is fame, do not everlook hose who are marching side-by-side with you in the army of life. If your goal be money, do not overlook the need of those Mrs. Brinton will entertain at luncheon followed by bridge on Saturday at I o'clock at Greenacres, Wyncote, Twenty guests will be present.

with whom you are rubbing elboxs.

Fame is yours, if you work for it.

Money is yours, if you work for it.

Money is yours, if you work for it.

Hut you may wake up some day to find that fame is ALL, you have. You may become old and find that ALL, you have is money—no friends, or home.

The roadside is very beautiful. The flowers bloom there and it will rest you to sit a while on a bank of noss and watch Mrs. James P McFarland, of Old York Mrs. Joseph N. Pew, Jr., will be at home

sit a while on a bank of moss and watch the little blades of grass and and bow to one another—you may see them talk to each other if you watch them long enough. Keep your eye on your goal, if you will, Wunder, of West Coulter street, Queen Lane Manor, will entertain at luncheon to-morrow at the Germantown Cricket Club-in honor of three of this year's debutantes—

FARMER SMITH

#### BILLY BUMPUS-HELPER

By Farmer Smith

When Billy Bumpus returned from building the rink, or, rather, getting himself distiked by always getting in the way, his wife was waiting for him with an amused

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tracy Griswold, of "Did you want to see me?" he asked theerily, stopping however, to look in the direction of the noise. Radnor, are staying at the Laurel-in-the-

Rap-a-tap-tap.

Rap-a-tap-tap.

Billy ldageted in his chair, for he did
not know what the noise was. He hated
noises—they always made him think some
one was after him. He had been in so
much mischief that he never knew when Colonel and Mrs. William Henry Sayen. f Waldheim, St. Davids, are spending a Mr. and Mrs. Morris L. Clothler and their some one would be trying to get even with daughter are staying at the Brighton, At-

"I guess I'll sing a little song-nothing to singing to keep up one's courage." He began:

Pussy isn't well. What made her sick? Tiny candy stick.

"It seems to me you are trying to drown that noise by making another noise."

"It seems to me you are trying to drown out that noise by making another noise," ventured Mrs. Bumpus.

"Well, I guess I will see what that noise is," said Billy, as he pecked out the door. "They are fixing the telephone, that's all." Billy felt much relieved.

He started off down the road in the direction of the rink without letting his wife how where he was soing. After skinning Mr. H. K. Mulford and Dr. Marshal It. Ward, of Wayne, are stopping at the Belleview, Belleair Heights, Fla. Mrs. L. D. Erben and Miss Rebecca Er-ben, of St. Davids, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Erben. Jr., left this week for

Dr. G. L. S. Jameson, of St. Davids, is Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wolf. of Elkins

Then he crawled under the rafters and went to sleep

"ADS" WE HAVE NEVER SEEN

# Poultry Is <u>Such</u> A Bother, But-



IF You Use A DOUBLE MINUS NO-GO INCUBATOR

You'LL NEVER BE BOTHERED BY CHICKENS.

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THE FIRST BEAR RAID



### THE IVORY CHILD

By H. RIDER HAGGARD Author of "Marie,"

CHAPTER XV-(Continued) Now, Bazz, did you not hear that man in a nightshirt with his head shaved say that those goats were good for One who lwelt in the mountain.

t did. What of it, Hans' "Who would be the tine who dwelt in the mountain except the Father of Snakes in the cave, Baas? Ah' now for the first time the cave, Baas? Ah' now for the first time you see the stone that lay at your feet all the while. And, Baas, did not the baid man add that this one in the mountain was only fed at new and full moon, and is not to-morrow the day of the new moon, and, therefore, would be not be very hungry on the day before your moon, that is, less day before new moon-that is, last

No doubt, Hans; but how can you kill a snake by feeding it?"
"Oh! Bass, you may eat things that make you ill, and so can a snake. Now you will guess the rest, so I had better go to

Whether I guess or do not guess." I re plied sagely, the latter being the right hy-pothesis, "the dishes can wait, Hans, since pothesis, "the dishes can wait, Hans, since he Lord there has not guessed; so con-

Very well, Bans. In one of those boxes are some pounds of stuff which, when mixed with water, is used for preserving skins and skulls."

"You mean the arsenic crystals?" I said with a flash of inspiration. "I don't know what you call them, Bass. At first I thought they were hard sugar and stole some once, when the real sugar was left behind, to put into the coffee— without telling the Baas, because it was my fault that the sugar was left behind." "Great heavens:" I ejaculated, "then why aren't we all dead?"

aren't we all dead."
"Because at the last moment, Baas, I thought I would make sure, so I put some of the hard sugar into hot milk and, when it had melted, I gave it to that yellow dog which once bit me in the leg, the one that came from Beza-Town, Bass, that I told you had you agay. He was a yery greedy you had run away. He was a very greedy dog. Bass, and drank up the milk at once. Then he gave a howl, twisted about, foamed at the mouth and died and I buried him at once. After that I threw some more of the large sugar mixed with mealies to the that we brought with us for cooking Two cocks and a hen swallowed them by mistake for corn. Presently they fell on their backs, kicked a little and died.

"Some of the Mazitu, who were great lileves, stole those dead fowls, Baas. After thieves, stole those dead fowls, Baas. After this, Baas, I thought it best not to use that sugar in the coffee, and later on Bena told me that it was deadly poison. Well, Baas, it came into my mind that if I could make that great snake swallow enough of this poison, he, too, might die.

"So I stole your keys, as I often do, Baas, when I want anything, because you He started off down the road in the direction of the rink without letting his wife know where he was going. After skipping down the road as happy as he could be, he came to where the building was going on. "Ah, here's Billy." exclaimed one of the painters. "He is our great holper, I say Billy, carry this bucket of paint up to the top of the roof and give it to Bill E. Goat."

"I surely will," replied Billy, proudly, Billy was only too glad to be of service. He would show them that they could not build a skating rink without him.

"Look out! Don't you slip," yelled one of the painters.

Just at that moment Billy's foot slipped and down, down, Gown! came the bucket of paint and it landed right on Miss Ann Goat's back.

High up on the ladder stood Billy, who took one good look and then scampered up to the top of the port as fast as he could go.

"Oh!" shricked Miss Goat. "My new coat is ruined. What shall I do? What shall I do? What shall I do? What shall I do? But Billy was too far away by that time to hear what she said. He sat down on the roof out of the way, for he wanted to think.

Finally he said to himself, "If you don't learn by precept, you have to learn by experience."

Then he crawled under the rafters and

to the mouth of the cave and held it there for a time while it kept on bleating for its kid. Next I took it almost up to the cave, wondering how I should drive it in. cave, wondering how I should drive it in, for I did not wish to enter there myself, Baas. As It happened I need not have troubled about that. When the goat was within five yards of the cave it stopped bleating, stood still and shivered. Then it began to go forward with little jumps, as though it did not want to go, yet must do so. Also, Baas, I felt as though I wished to go with it. So I lay down and put my heels against a rock, letting go of the goat.

For now, Bass, I did not care where "For now, Baas, I did not care where that goat went so long as I could keep out of the hole where dwelt the Father of Serpents that had eaten Bena. But it was all right. Baas; the goat knew what it had to do and did it, jumping straight into the cave. As it entered it turned its head, and looked at me. I could see its eyes in the starlight, and Baas, they were dreadful. I think it knew what was coming and did not like it at all. And yet it had to walk on because it could not help it. Just like a man going to the devil, Baas! "Holding on to the stone. I pessed after.

Just like a man going to the devil, Baas!

"Holding on to the stone, I peeped after it, for I had heard something stirring in the cave making a soft noise like a white lady's, dress upon the floor. There in the blackness I saw two little sparks of fire, which were the eyes of the serpent, Baas. Then I heard a sound of hissing like four big Bettles boiling all at once, and a little bleat from the goat. After this there was a noise as of men wrestling, followed by another noise as of bones breaking, and, lastly, yet another sucking noise as of a pump that won't draw up the water. Then everything grew nice and quiet and I went some way off, sat down a little to one side of the cave and waited to see if anything happened.

of the cave and waited to see if anything happened.

"It must have been nearly an hour later that something did begin to happen, Baas. It was as though sacks filled with chaff were being beaten against stone walls there in the cave. Ah! I thought to myself, your stomach is beginning to ache. Eater-up-of-Bena, and, as that goat had little horns on its head—to which I tied two bags of the poison, Baas—and, like all snakes, no doubt you have spikes is your throat pointing downward, you won't be table to get it up again. Then—I expect

this was after the poison-sugar had begun to melt nicely in the serpent's stomach.

Bass—there was a noise as though a
whole company of girls were dancing a
war dance in the cave to the music of "And then, oh then, Bass, of a sudder

And then, oh then, Baas, of a sudden that Father of Serpents came out. I tell you. Baas, that when I saw him in the bright startight my hair stood up upon my head, for never has there been such another snake in the whole world. Those that live in trees and eat bucks in Zululand, of whose skins white men make waist-coats and slippers are but bables coats. coats and slippers, are but bables compared to this one. He came out, yard after yard of him. He wriggled about, he stood upon his tall with his head where after yard of him. He wriggled about, he stood upon his tail with his head where the top of a tree might be, he made himself into a ring, he bit at stones and at his own stomach, while I hid behind my rock praying to your reverend father that he might not see me. Then at last he rushed away down the hill, faster than any horse could gallop.

horse could gallop.

"Now I hoped that he had gone for good and thought of going myself. Still I feared to do so lest I should meet him somewhere, so I made up my mind to wait till daylight. It was as well. Baas, for about half an hour later he came back again. Only now he could not jump; he could only grawl. Never in my life did I see a snake look so sick, Baas. Into the cave he went and lay there hissing. By degrees the hisses grew very faint, till at length they died away altogether. I waited another half hour. Baas, and then I grew so curious that I thought I would go look in the cave. that I thought I would go look in the cave.

I lit the little lantern I had with me and, holding it in one hand and my stick in the other, I crept into the hole. Be-

fore I had crawled ten paces I saw so thing white stretched along the ground. It was the belly of the great snake, Baas, which lay upon its back, quite dead.

"I know that it was dead, for I lit-iree wax matches, setting them to burn ipon its tail, and it never stirred, as any ve snake will do when it feels fire I came home. Baas, feeling very proud be-cause I had outwitted that great-grand-father of all snakes, who killed Bena, my friend, and had made the way clear for us to walk through the cave. "That is all the story, Baas. Now I

"That is all the story, Baas. Now I must go to wash those dishes," and, without waiting for any compliment, off he went, leaving us marveling at his wit, resource and courage.

"What next?" I asked presently.

"Nothing till tonight," answered Ragnall with determination, "when I am going to look at the snake which the noble Hans has killed and whatever lies beyond the cave, as you will remember Harst invited. cave, as you will remember Harut invited us to do unmolested, if we could "Do you think Harut will keep his word,

"On the whole, yes, and if he doesn't I ion't care. Anvil

here in this suspense "I agree as to Harut because we are to

'I agree as to harut because we are too valuable to be killed just now, if for no other reason; also as to the suspense, which is unendurable. Therefore I will walk with you to look at that snake, Ragnall, and so, no doubt, will Hans. The exercise will so, no doubt, will mans. The exercise will do my leg good."
"Do you think it wise?" he asked doubt-fully; "in your case I mean?"
"I think it most unwise that we should separate any more. We had better stand or

fall all together; further, we do not seem to have any luck apart."

#### CHAPTER XVI The Sanctuary and the Oath

THAT evening shortly after sundown the three of us started boldly from our house wearing over our clothes the Kendah dresses which Ragnall had bought and carrying nothing save sticks in our hands, some food and the lantern in our pockets. On the out skirts of the town we were met by certain Kendah, one of whom I knew, for I had often ridden by his side on our march across "Have any of you arms upon you, Lord

Macumazana?" he asked, looking curiously at us and our white robes. "None." I answered. "Search us if you will."

"Your word is sufficient." he renlied with the grave courtesy of his people. "If you are unarmed we have orders to let you go where you wish, however you may be dressed. Yet, Lord." he whispered to me, "I pray you do not enter the cave, since One lives there who strikes and does not miss. One whose kiss is death. I pray i for your own sakes, also for ours who need "We shall not wake him who sleeps in

the cave." I answered enigmatically, as we departed rejoicing, for now we had learned that the Kendah did not yet know of the death of the serpent.

An hour's walk up the hill, guided by

Hans, brought us to the mouth of the tunnel. To tell the truth, I could have wished in had been longer, for as we drew near all sorts of doubts assailed me. What if Hans really had been drinking and invented this story to account for his absence? What if

the snake had recovered from a merely temporary indisposition? What if it had a wife and family living in that cave, every one of them thirsting for vengeance? Well, it was too late to hesitate now, but well, it was too the of the others secretly I hoped that one of the others would prefer to lead the way. We reached the place and listened. It was silent as a tomb. Then that brave fellow Hans lit the

tomb. Then that brave fellow Hans lit the lantern and said:
"Do you stop here. Baases, while I go to look. If you hear anything happen to me you will have time to run away," words that made me feel somewhat ashamed of myself. However, knowing that he was quick as a weasel and silent as a cat, we let him go. A minute or two later suddenly he reappeared out of the darkness, for he had turned the metal shield over the bull's eye of the lantern, and even in that light I could see that he was grinning.
"It is all right, Baas," he said. "The Father of Serpents has really gone to that land whither he sent Bena, where, no doubt, he is now roasting in the fires of hell, and I don't see any others. Come and look at him."

of its body was twisted into colls, so I wil only say that it was by far the most enor mous snake that I have ever seen. It is true that I have heard of such reptiles in different parts of Africa, but hitherto I had always put them down as fabulous creatures transformed into and worshiped as local gods. Also this particular specimen was, I presume, of a new variety, since, according to Ragnall, it both struck like the cobra or the adder and crushed like the fica-constrictor. It is possible, however, that he was mistaken on this point; I do not know, since I had no time, or, indeed, inclination, to examine its head for the poison fangs, and when next I passed that

I shall never forget the stench of that ave It was horrible, which is not to be wondered at seeing that probably this creature had dwelt there for centuries, since these large snakes are said to be as long-lived as tortoises, and, being sacred, of course, it had never lacked for food. Everywhere lay piles of cast bones, among one of which I noticed fragments of a humai skull, perhaps that of poor Savage. Also the projectific rocks in the place were cov-ered with great pieces of snake skin, doubt-less rubbed off by the reptile when once a year it changed its coat. For a while we gazed at the loathsom

For a while we gazed at the loathsome and still glittering creature, then pushed on fearful lest we should stumble upon more of its kind. I suppose that it must have been solitary, a kind of serpent rogue, as Jant was an elephant rogue, for we met none, and, if the information which I obtained afterward may be believed, there was no species at all resemblings it is was no species at all resembling it in the country. What its origin may have been I never learned. All that the Kendah could or would say about it was that it had lived in this hole from the beginning, and that Black Kendah prisoners, or malefactors, were sometimes given to it to kill, as White Kendah prisoners were given to Jana.

The cave itself proved to be not very long, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet, no more. It was not an artificial but a natural hollow in the lava rock, which I suppose had once been blown through it by an outburst of steam. Toward the further end it narrowed so much that I began to fear there might be no exit. In this I was mistaken, however, for at its termination was found a hole investor. mistaken, however, for at its termination we found a hole just large enough for a man to walk in upright and so difficult to climb through that it became clear to us that certainly this was not the path by which the White Kendah approached their sanctuary.

Scrambling out of this aperture with thankfulness, we found ourselves upon the slope of a kind of huge ditch of lava which ran first downward for about eighty paces, then up again to the base of the great cone of the inner mountain, which was covered with dense forest.

We climbed down to the bottom of the ditch that from its general appearance might have been dug out by some giant race as a protection to their stronghold, and up its further side to where the forest began on deep and fertile soil. Why there should have been rich earth here and none in the ditch is more than we could guess, but perhaps the presence of springs of water in this part of the mount may have been a cause. At any rate it was so.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



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